

News and Comment  
Written by Experts

# STAR-BULLETIN SPORTS

Edited By  
L. REDINGTON

## Big League Stories

By CHARLES E. VAN LOAN

### III.—THE LOOSENING UP OF HOGAN

From "The Ten Thousand Dollar Arm  
and Other Tales of the Big League"

PART III.

In the clubhouse after the game they sketched about in boyish glee, celebrating the end of the year's work. John J. Hogan, clad in a crash towel, came in from the shower room, waited for a drink of silence in the racket, found it and lifted up his voice.

"Boys," said he, "I'm going to give a dinner tonight down at the Argyle to as many of you fellows as care to come. I won't be with you next season, and probably I won't see you all together again."

There was an astonished silence. The players looked at each other and wondered if they had heard aright. Hogan was proposing to spend some money, and at the Argyle, the most expensive, therefore the most exclusive, place in the city—Hogan, who hadn't bought so much as a round of drinks all season long!

"It will be a little surprise party," said Hogan earnestly. "I'd like to have you all there."

There was a nervous movement of the men on the benches in front of the lockers. Not one of them cared to accept Hogan's hospitality; but, on the other hand, none cared to offer the direct insult of open refusal. McCarter was standing by the door. Hogan walked over to him and offered his hand.

"Forget it, Harry," he said. "The season's over. You come down to the



"No more baseball after this season." (Posed by McGraw of Giants and Davis of Athletics.)

Argyle tonight, and if you don't like my surprise party we'll put on the gloves and go four rounds to a decision. Are you on?"

McCarter flinched and stuck out his hand. "I got you, kid," he said. "Duke me."

Then the tension broke, and the Ponies began to talk.

"The Argyle," said Bill Craig. "Ain't that the place where they nick you 30 cents a platter for soup? Why, it would cost a million dollars to feed this bunch at that place!"

"Get around there about 7," said Hogan as he paused in the door fully dressed. "Ask the doorman for Hogan's party, and he'll direct you to the right place."

After Hogan had gone there was an excited buzz of conversation. Monk Lawson took a hand in it.

"You fellows are all away off," he said. "You're backing up the wrong team. You can gamble that he's pitched his last professional ball game today, so he ain't doing this to get himself in good for next season. It's something else. I could tell you something about a deal I made with this fellow that would astonish you, but I promised him I wouldn't. This Hogan is all right, and I'll bet you'll say so tonight after he pulls that surprise of his. I don't know what it is, but I have a suspicion it'll knock your eye out. Better be there or you'll miss something rich."

The Ponies drifted away from the clubhouse discussing the mystery of the loosening up of Hogan, and they were all on-hand at 7 o'clock in a private parlor at the Argyle waiting for their host. They sat about on the richly upholstered chairs, gazed by the thickness of the carpet, awed by the

real life curtains and made miserable by the heavy elegance of their surroundings.

Hogan appeared, made his apologies for being late, and a head waiter or some other great functionary conducted them grandly down a long hall to the banquet chamber. Bush Hawley, who was in the van and had the first glimpse of the magnificence in store, started back and stood heavily upon the head waiter's patent leather toes.

"Class," ejaculated Bush. "Class! The national commission never had as swell a layout as this!"

Which was as far as Bush could go. Let us pass lightly over the next two hours. It is enough to say that grinders were wiped out with the soup, tongues were loosened by the wine, which came on with the carabach duck, and through it all Hogan sat smiling at the head of the table, giving an excellent imitation of a man who really enjoyed spending money.

Some of the Ponies looked at him roversly every time a cork popped, and others attempted to estimate the cost by an addition of fives, but lost count early in the evening.

At last Monk Lawson rapped on the table and stood up, a wineglass in his hand.

"Boys," he said, "we'll drink a toast to Johnnie Hogan, a grand ball player and a good fellow. Uns up!"

The Ponies stood up and drank Johnnie Hogan in anything they found handy. Bill Craig drank him in coffee. It was Handsome Harry's turn-tune which started the usual refrain:

For he's a jolly good fellow!

Hogan sat still at the head of the table, turning the stem of his wineglass between his fingers. When he rose he was greeted warmly, even affectionately, certainly vociferously.

"I can't make a speech, fellows," he began, "but I'm glad you are all here tonight—"

"You ain't got a thing on us!" "I'll not be with you next season!" "Forget it, kid! Forget it! Sure you will!" "And this is a sort of a farewell dinner with me." "Oh, you'll be back to the spring!" "I want to let myself right with you fellows!" "You have, old horse! You have!" "I asked you here tonight to tell you the reason I haven't been as popular as I wanted to be—"

"S-s-s-sh! Shut up there, Dutch!" "I was in a peculiar sort of a fix. It was put up to me to go out and show that I could earn a living by hard work. I had to earn a certain amount of money, and produce it to show that I'd saved it, and that was why—"

"Never mind that, old pal! Forget it!"

Hogan paused and looked down the table. When he began to speak again the sentences tumbled out one after the other, and there were no interruptions.

"I know the way you felt about me. I don't blame you either, but—it had to be that way, fellows. I had to go to work for the first time in my life. I thought I could get more money playing ball than by going into an office or digging ditches. So I asked Monk here for a job and made him a business proposition."

Monk nodded his head as gravely as a judge. "Perdy true," he said.

"I won out, all right," said Hogan, "and in a lot of ways this has been the best year of my life. I've learned things—learned to save money, and that was the toughest lesson of all, for I used to be pretty strong the other way. I'm glad I had a chance to get in with such a good bunch, even if I got in bad, and I'm going to ask each one of you to accept a little present from me, something from the tightest fellow you ever saw, and remember once in awhile that, no matter how things look on the outside, there's always a reason a fellow could give if he would. I—I guess that's all. Thank you, boys."

He concluded lamely as he took his seat, feeling that he had made a fool of himself by talking too much. It is a common sensation with after dinner speakers.

Once more Handsome Harry lifted his voice in song, and the team joined unobtrusively, after which Bush Hawley, inquired in loud, staccato accents who was all right. And every one seemed to know the correct answer.

During this pleasant ceremony half a dozen waiters entered the room and placed in front of each man a little green leather box bearing his name in gilt letters across the top.

"Do we look at these things now?" asked Dutch Orendorf.

"Just as you like," said the host.

"Yes, Dutch, I think you'd better look

## NEW SCHOFIELD BALL FIELD IS ALMOST IN SHAPE FOR PLAYING

Word has been received from Harry Gray, the veteran ball player and star twirler who was discharged from the 1st Field Artillery last March. He reenlisted for field artillery at Angel Island in April expecting to return to Hawaii, but when trouble started in Mexico he was sent to the 6th Field Artillery in Texas. Gray writes that he wishes he could feel some of those cool Hawaiian breezes and help the 1st Field Artillery win the baseball pennant.

Polo practice is now of daily occurrence on the polo field west of the Cavalry post. The Cavalry and Artillery are working together in the development of their teams. The Field Artillery are endeavoring to obtain a string of good ponies and if successful should put a strong team in the field. Lieuts. Beard and Dodds have both played in army championship tournaments and in tournaments at Narragansett. Lieut. Waldo Potter who will arrive on the next transport was a member of the team that won the Philippine championship in 1912.

The new athletic park near Dowsett Station is almost ready for use, and it is planned to open the field on Saturday with the Army League baseball game between the 25th Infantry and 4th Cavalry. The covered grandstand in rear of home plate will seat 200, and it is the intention to continue extending this stand in both directions. In the meantime the bleachers now at the 25th Infantry field will be moved to the new park for temporary use and placed on both sides of the grandstand. Work will be continued improving the field and the quarter-mile track that encircles the ball diamond. A 300-yard straight-away will also be put in. The ball diamond is modeled after the one at the Polo Grounds in New York and will eventually be one of the best in the territory.

at them now."

A deep grunt of astonishment ran around the table as the boxes flew open. Each one contained a heavy gold watch fob in the form of a medalion.

In the center of the medalion, a pony stood out in bold relief, and above the emblem of the team winked a diamond—a real diamond.

Harry McCarter spied a card in his box, fished it out and jumped to his feet with a yell.

"What's this?" he cried. "Compliments of Lafayette Durand Chatterton! Chatterton! Why, say, that's the young millionaire fellow we read the dope about in the paper! That's!"

He paused, staring hard at Hogan, the question in his eyes.

"That's me, fellows," said Hogan, with a laugh. "And if you remember what that article said you know that I wasn't always a cheap skate. I got in a jam at home—spending too much money and raising Cain around San Francisco—and I went to work. Ask Monk here, and he'll tell you that I signed a contract to win two-thirds of my games or work for my expenses."

Once more Monk Lawson nodded his head.

"Gamest guy in the world," he said. "He just the same's bet me \$3,000 he'd win twenty games out of thirty!"

A low whistle of amazement came from McCarter.

"I'd hate to work on them terms," he said, half to himself.

"So," said Hogan. "I didn't draw any money from the club, and I had to last the season out on what little I had. That's why I had to wait so long before I could be a good fellow."

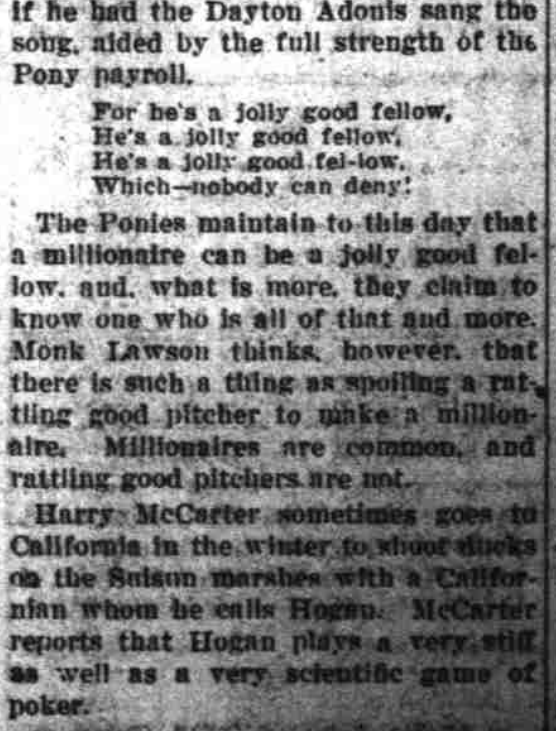
This remark, naturally, reminded Harry McCarter of a song, and as nobody could think of anything to say and nobody could have said it properly if he had the Dayton Advertiser sang the song, aided by the full strength of the Pony payroll.

For he's a jolly good fellow,  
He's a jolly good fellow,  
He's a jolly good fellow,  
Which—nobody can deny!

The Ponies maintained to this day that a millionaire can be a jolly good fellow, and what is more, they claim to know one who is all of that and more.

Monk Lawson thinks, however, that there is such a thing as spoiling a rattling good pitcher to make a millionaire. Millionaires are common, and rattling good pitchers are not.

Harry McCarter sometimes goes to California in the winter to shoot ducks on the San Juan marshes with a Californian whom he calls Hogan. McCarter reports that Hogan plays a very stiff as well as a very scientific game of poker.



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## CHINESE SHOW HOOSIERS HOW TO PLAY BALL

On May 10 the traveling Chinese won a game at Koko-mo, Ind., which moved a baseball scribe of the Koko-mo Tribune to verse. While the lines are somewhat geographically inaccurate, the compliment is sincere.

Here's what the Hoosiers think of our representatives:

A ball club of heathen Chinese, Came touring the land of the free. With Hop Sing in the box, They trimmed up our Sox— Just mowed 'em right off at the knee.

We'd been told the Chinks couldn't hit. But, belabors, they could, quite a bit. They gave Wicker his bumps. And in spite of theumps, Smeared the "Old Leaguers" gang in the grit.

So, here's to the lads of Hongkong, In the land of the chopstick and gong. They're no outfit of simps. But a game bunch of lumps. And we hope they'll be back before long.

The three thousand fans who crowded the Athletic park grand stand, bleachers and standing room, Sunday afternoon, drawn by the promise of a fast game with the Chinese All Stars, were not disappointed.

The score ended 5 to 3 for the visitors, only after nine innings of the best quality of ball which had been played here this season. Manager Wicker pitched a wonderful game for his team.

The common belief that the Chinks could not hit was soon dispelled after they had smashed a few long ones into the outfield. They made some good hits which should have been caught had not the player underneath made a bad error. These errors undoubtedly lost the game for Kokomo.

A noticeable feature of the game was the quickness and agility of the Chinese players. Their base-running ability was well defined. Their quickness of execution was shown in the ninth when Smith knocked a grounder to second who put Wicker out, then shot the ball to first and caught Smith.

This play brought the grandstand to its feet.

"Bob" Wicker, manager of the local team, pitched throughout the whole game. His ability as a twirler is well known in the big leagues. He was in the trim Sunday, allowing but a few hits which should have been caught out, but on error allowed the Chinks to make first. Although he pitched the whole nine innings he was slumping them across seemingly just as hard at the end of the first half of the ninth as on the first time up.

On the opening of the ninth inning the score stood 3 to 3. It seemed probable that a few extra innings were in line as both teams were playing a tight game. Mark made a single, reaching first. Evidently seeing the necessity of a hard hit Kan Yen slammed a three-base hit out into right field, bringing Mark safely in. Kan Yen stole home on Ayau's show grounder to the pitcher. Akana made a clean one-base hit to left. He was put out trying to advance to second.

Bobby's men went to the bat with a determination to win the game and they certainly tried hard but the double play which put Wicker at second and Smith at first left them little room for score making.

Yesterdays scores in the big leagues

AMERICAN LEAGUE.  
At St. Louis—St. Louis 1, Philadelphia 1 (game called in sixth rain).  
At Detroit—Washington 7, Detroit 0.

At Cleveland—Boston 5, Cleveland 3.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.  
At Boston—Boston 7, St. Louis 4.  
At New York—New York 2, Chicago 1.  
At Philadelphia—Cincinnati 3, Philadelphia 6.

THREE MORE GAMES IN RESERVE SERIES

There are three more scheduled games to be played in the second team inter-league ball series. Punahou plays the St. Louis reserves for the second time this season tomorrow afternoon and then plays Mills on the second of June while McKinley plays St. Louis on June 5.

At present McKinley and Punahou stand at the top with four games played and one lost. St. Louis comes second and Mills last.

The game tomorrow between the Saints and the Puns will probably be played at Sals part as the first contest between these two teams was played on the latter's home field.

It is likely to be on the hill for the Saints while Mills will do the twirling for the Punahouers. Both teams are in the best condition and although the Puns have defeated the Saints once the contest should prove one of the fastest second team games this season.

## PUN RESERVES WIN FROM THE HOSPITAL TEAM

Assisted by two first team men, the Punahou Academy reserves defeated the Hospital Corps from Fort Shafter yesterday afternoon on Alexander Field by the score of 4-2. The play-off on both squads was unusually fast, and except for a few wild pitches covered the bases.

The home team had a new man in the person of Harry Baldwin, catcher and captain of the initial Punahou nine, on the mound. His delivery was strong and control was good, and with a strong support was able to hold down the visitors in great shape.

He struck out eight men and allowed five hits.

With Averills in the box and Parks behind the mask the soldiers probably had the stronger battery and had the infield proved more steady in a couple of the critical points the soldiers might have won. Averills had the Punahou youngsters guessing during the greater part of the game, and struck out before the contest came to an end. He allowed only four hits but the Puns made every hit count, and when they did hit they covered the base.

The fielding feature of the game yesterday was Ernest Gay's fast work at short for the home nine. He is a regular first team man, his usual place being at second, however, and this may account for the fact that he got in some excellent playing. He saved a couple of liners just over the second base which looked like sure hits and besides got everything that came his way.

The soldiers were the first up, but were out in one two three order. The last half of the frame saw the Puns knock a couple of long flies out into the dangerous regions but with no result; one hit was chalked. The Puns got out of a hole in the next round when the invaders scored two hits but did not put a man across the plate.

In the third everybody went out in short order but in the next inning the Puns started things moving and a couple of wild pitches not batted them two runs, two soldiers got away in the sixth and a hit saw them scored twice and tie the score. They needed out hits in both the seventh and eighth but with no result.

The sixth was the winner's lucky round, and as was the case with the Shafter men in the first half of the frame, only one hit saw two runs come in. In the eighth the youngsters poked out two more but the score was not changed.

The lineup follows:  
Punahou—Baldwin, p.; Wadsworth, c.; Austin and Moore, 1b.; Hind, 2b.; Woods, 3b.; Austin and Gay, ss.; Gay and Mott-Smith, lf.; O'Dowda, cf.; Brown and Damon, rf.

Hospital Corps—Averills, p.; Parks, c.; Bennett, 1b.; Weller, 2b.; Donlin, 3b.; Hannah, ss.; Gatzke, lf.; Alexander, cf.; Wheeler, rf.

Umpires—Kil Wai and Stahl.

NOTES OF THE KEIO COAST DEFENSE GAME

The Japanese were weak at bat, hitting at a lot of wide balls.

Applin saved a run by a hard catch of a short fly. He had hard luck at bat.

O'Hara played a bang-up game at second and showed a flash of speed on several occasions.

Umpire Stayton got a hard rap on the left foot by a ball deflected from a bat. It struck on the end of his toes and of course the unfeeling populace in the stands raised a laugh.

Catcher Swenson is not only one of the longest backstops in captivity but has a quick kick to second that would send him fully developed.

He can also hit the ball hard.

Harris was nervous in the pinches but generally managed to strike out the third man. The soldier twirler will be all right when he learns to control his fast ball and to "put on the stuff" when the bases are full.

Sugase's long hit in the ninth was a terrific drive that went on a low line over second base and gradually rose higher until it cleared the center field fence and dropped far beyond him.

The big Japanese pitcher, Ito, sent and could have reached third easily but was apparently sent back to second by the catcher at third. He did not go on to third, as has been stated.

Takahama's work in center field was classy. He covers a lot of ground and always holds the ball. He caught a soldier off second on a long run-in for a score, high fly, throwing the ball to the base for an easy out. The soldier's error of judgment cost 2 runs for his team as Hizenbaugh was waiting to score from third and Takahama was in so-position to shoot the ball home.

A bunch of women don't seem to be having a very good time unless three or four are talking at once.

## KEIOS SCHEDULED TO PLAY WAGON SOLDIERS

This afternoon at 4 o'clock, weather permitting, the Keio baseball team will try conclusions with the 1st Field Artillery team, from Schofield barracks.

The wagon soldiers have a good baseball machine, which is working smoothly in the Army League, and the game should be a good one. The Modilli diamond is none too fast at best, but the ground drains well and unless rain falls throughout the day the field should be fit for play.

2ND INFANTRY BEATS 1ST IN ARMY LEAGUE

ARMY LEAGUE.

Coast Defense 3, Keio 2—11 innings.

The Coast Defense baseball aggregation of the Oahu league sampled the sweetness of revenge yesterday, when they took the long end of a 3 to 2 score from the Keios, in an extra inning game. Although the Japanese collegians had an easy time with the concrete soldiers in the first game a week ago, winning by a one-sided score, the gunners not even more satisfaction out of yesterday's result, for it was a fight all the way, with an exciting wind-up.

The game was slow in the opening innings, but play warmed up all round towards the end, and when Sugase hit a three-bagger to center field in the ninth, bringing in the run that tied the score, there was enough excitement to suit everyone. The oriental fans, who formed the majority of the crowd, had a big time for a while, and kept up their enthusiasm until the last man died.

Harris pitched for the Coast Defense, and while he worked hard, his work was not very impressive. He allowed 10 hits and gave seven passes, and had the Japanese players shown a bit more of batting sense he would have fared even worse. The visitors swung at bad ones when the count stood two of three balls and no strikes instead of waiting the pitcher out when they had him in the hole, and made other costly mistakes. Harris got good support, only one error being made behind him. On the credit side of the ledger, to balance his wildness, Harris had 15 strike-outs, which is a healthy figure for any pitcher.

Sugase, the scholarly-looking captain of the Keios, pitched a nice game, and fielded his three chances in excellent style. He didn't seem to have much on the ball in the closing innings, but his control was good, and he seemed to size up the batters in good style. His team threw him down at critical points, and the four errors charged against the visitors were costly.

Keio got on the score board first with a single run in the fourth, a pass, a clever cut and a wild throw by the C. D. third baseman accounting for the tally. In the fifth the soldiers came back with two healthy scores, three hits flaring in their acquisition. Sugase's long hit to center brought the tying run over in the ninth.

It was Swenson, the lengthy backstop, who had the honor of bringing in the winning score. With a man on second and two gone Swenson picked out one to his liking, and when the right fielder had recovered the ball and his breath the runner was across the plate.

KEIO—AB RHHBPOA E  
Miyake, ss 1b 3 0 0 0 6 4 2  
Koshimoto, 2b 3 0 0 0 1 1 0  
Abe, 2b 4 0 0 0 2 2 1  
Takahama, cf 4 1 1 1 4 2 0  
Mori, lf 5 0 0 0 2 1 1  
Togashi, rf 4 1 0 0 4 0 0  
Sassa, 1b 3 0 0 0 3 0 0  
Harai, c 4 0 0 0 2 1 0  
Sugase, p 4 0 0 0 1 3 0  
xxOts, lf 12 0 0 0 0 0 0  
Totals 36 3 7 1 32 14 4

C. D.—AB RHHBPOA E  
Mangum, 3b 2 0 0 0 0 0 1  
O'Hara, 2b 5 0 2 1 4 4 0  
Hizenbaugh, ss 4 0 2 0 0 3 0  
Hundley, 1b 5 0 1 0 10 1 0  
Thomas, lf 4 1 0 1 0 0 0  
Applin, rf 4 0 0 1 0 1 0  
Quillan, cf 5 0 3 0 2 0 0  
Swenson, c 5 1 0 15 2 0  
Harris, p 4 1 2 0 2 0  
Howard, 3b 2 0 0 0 1 3 0  
xDoyle, rf 1 0 0 0 0 0 0  
Totals 41 6 10 25 15 1

Keio 1000000000—7  
Base Hits 0111100000—7  
C. D. 0000000000—7  
Base Hits 0001200011—10  
Summary—Two out when winning run scored; three basehits, Sugase; two basehits, Swenson; O'Hara; 2 batted for Applin in eighth; xx batted for Sassa in ninth; sacrifice fly, Howard; double plays, O'Hara to Hundley, Takahama to Abe; triple play, Swenson to Hundley to Howard to O'Hara to Hundley; bases on balls, off Sugase 2, off Harris 7; struck out, by Sugase 2, by Harris 15. Umpires, Stayton and Bruns. Time of game, 2 hours and 3 minutes.

The platform of a new French automobile for both military and industrial purposes fits to the ground to receive loads drawn upon it by a capstan which is carried.

A large drop of milk will adhere to a needle dipped into it and withdrawn, if pure, but if adulterated it will form several drops, which will leave the needle quickly.

6 in 5 1/3 innings; two base hits, E. Mason, York; Lyman, Horton; sacrifice hits, Zewaski (2b), Jones; hit by pitcher, Zewaski (cf) by York; bases on balls, off York 2, off Carter 1; struck out, by Sloan 1, by Carter 1; by York 4, by Platts 1; wild pitches, Platts; passed balls, Lyman 2, Sloan 2. Umpires, Matthews and Syme.

2nd Inf.—Runs 3 0 0 4 0 1 2 0—9  
Base Hits 1 0 0 3 1 0 3 1—10  
1st Inf.—Runs 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0—7  
Base Hits 1 0 0 1 1 0 1 0—9  
Summary—Hits off Sloan 5 in 1 1/3 innings; off Carter 4 in 2 2/3 innings; off York 4 in 3 2/3 innings; off Platts